1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

songs. His nephew went to stand behind him; his son went forward to stand at the left shoulder of his cousin. These two boys joined in the singing, repeating Landaeta's song stanza after stanza. A few women, led by Landaeta's wife and daughter, went to stand at his right side, and joined the boys in answering the songs of the shaman. They stood there in front of the pole singing until the Southern Cross hung high in the sky. Then Landaeta's wife took a gourd rattle from the basket and gave it to her husband, who immediately began to shake it, its liquid tone blending harmoniously with the voices. The singers became more animated when they heard the rattle, and soon they began to dance, jerking the body forward and backward, rhythmically and in unison. At times Landaeta would shake his rattle violently and his voice would betray his deep excitement. His wife from time to time would give a lighted cigarette to him, holding it to his mouth until it was consumed. At midnight the shaking of the rattle became more frequent and more violent, and finally, in the middle of one song, everyone began to move around the pole. The women put their right hands on the shoulder of the one ahead, and soon were running and stamping the right foot as they did so. The men formed an inner circle, dancing one behind the other. At the end of each song they paused for a moment lined up in their original positions. As the night wore on, both singing and dancing became more and more animated until the shaman appeared to be in a frenzy. His voice rose in pitch, his rhythm was faster, and more strongly accentuated, and all sang with greater feeling. The shaman danced in jerky movements, bending and twisting his body, half spinning about, first one way then the other, until he seemed to be quivering all over. The dance around the pole became almost a mad run, made more difficult by the soft sands and the complex movements of the body. The men would leap high and as the right foot was stamped in unison, a resonant beat was produced that seemed to blend with the pulsating roar of the howlers brought to us by the wind, and marked off by the rich rattling of the gourd and the choral singing. In the morning hours the wind rose again, blew more violently, and the roar of the monkeys became stronger, and the Yaruros sang passionately. It was then, when the morning star was already high, and dawn lighted the eastern horizon, that they stopped.

The sun awoke me, and though I had slept barely two hours I felt quite refreshed. I sat up to look about me. There was the vast stretch of sand, the fringe of jungle, and the sparkling river. My Yaruros were sleeping half buried in the sand, behind basketry to shelter themselves from the wind. The vultures were already at the piles of refuse, feasting on crocodiles and turtles. Soon the sun awoke my friends, and they too sat up to gaze quietly at the western sky where they believe their gods live.

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19 sia RC1

where they believe their gods live. It was only when the sun began to burn our bodies that they approached me to chat. They expressed their concern over my illness and soon busied themselves to make me as comfortable as possible. While I distributed among them a few presents bought for them in Urbana, and turned all of the food over to Landaeta, the younger men were busy building a sun shelter, an arbor of the sweet-smelling guava bush, though for themselves they had only branches thrust into the sands, giving only a thin shade. From now on, I was completely in their care, and they were careful nurses and tender friends. The best of the hunt was mine, and even the women delighted in taking care of my clothing, and in bringing me delicacies.

They were glad to see me, and the women shamans soon began their chants while the men surrounded me and told me in their own language and in broken Spanish what had occurred the previous night. [562] Men are prohibited from singing during the day, but the women sit in swinging hammocks and chant their songs. I learned, too, that Landaeta's daughter had not died, for there she was, grateful and shyly looking at me, completely well. They attributed her cure to me, though I was not at all responsible for it. During the night, they told me, the gods had come among us, and told them that I, too, was one of Kuma's children, and again they insisted that I was related to them.

I learned that Puaná and Itciai are cocreators with Kuma, the mother goddess, and they are directly responsible for the actual creation of the world. Hatchawa, in the form of a litttle boy, is another god who has given mankind fire, the bow and arrow, and many other blessings. Now, when the shaman sings at night his soul leaves his body and travels to the land of Kuma, leaving his body behind. The gods may come then, enter his body in the form of songs, and transmit their messages to the Yaruros. They had come the night before to greet me and to reassure my friends of my goodness and my own powers of shamanism.

We sat, smoked, and talked all day. In the afternoon we feasted on crocodile, turtle eggs, wild roots, palm nuts, and honey. Finishing our dinner, we sat quietly facing the west, watching the skies. As the sun set low again, rays of gold, blue, and white shot into the sky from the horizon, and my friends rejoiced at this certain greeting of Kuma to us.

Darkness came upon us, and in anticipation of a long night of singing and dancing—I could sing but could not dance, since I could not stand up—I lay on the sands to rest before the beginning of the ceremonies. but the skies interested the Yaruros and they came to tell me what they read there. The brightness of the stars and the changing

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

781 Puaná stayed with us for about an hour and a half, talking most of the time about me.

And finally at about 5 o'clock Kuma herself came to visit me and, like Hatchawa, urged me to drink of the shaman's drink. I had to drink a gourd full of it, since it was held to my lips until I finished it. She gave me messages similar to the others. Finally other Yaruros came, and the shaman eventually returned, being greeted with affection by all. We stopped when the sun rose and began another day of primitive life. We had danced and sung almost continuously for 36 hours.

This was my reception among the Yaruros after my return from La Urbana. We talked day and night about religion, and about the world in which we lived. I learned that a mother-in-law and son-in-law must never look upon each other and never talk to each other, though they must be careful to do each other service; that a man must marry his first cousin, and that socially he is under obligation to his maternal uncle who later becomes his father-in-law. Under Landaeta's tutelage the material in this report was compiled. In a sense, therefore, this is his report.

One day I announced to Landaeta that I would have to leave in the near future, giving as a reason that my wife and child needed me at home. Actually, there were other considerations; my physical condition was becoming worse, though the sores on my feet were a little better; and for the time being I had quietly exhausted the possibilities of obtaining fresh material from my friends. After all, we had been in contact with each other for six weeks, the major portion of it living communely and conversing with the shaman continuously day after day, sometimes even from sunrise to sunrise. My daily schedule consisted of rising at sunrise, drinking a little coffee sometimes brought to me by Landaeta, and immediately plunging into discussions of religious themes. This would last up to about 10 o'clock when Landaeta would withdraw and busy himself making string or carving gourds for several hours. During this period I would seek clarification of some points from whomsoever was present, or work on social organization, or on genealogy. In the early afternoon Landaeta would be back with new material, new ideas, having thought over what he had said, what I had said, and what still needed to be said. This would continue until sundown.

Then there was a short intermission for dinner, but soon afterwards I was hurried over to the eastern edge of the camp, where Landaeta and his people sat after dinner, and there we would sit while the women made cigars for us, talking about mythology, religion and general philosophical concepts. These discussions would last until 10 or 11 o'clock, and often much later, and not rarely shamanistic

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19 sia KC

performances would be given which would last until sunrise. Therefore there was an intense exchange of ideas for relatively long times with no rest.

The time came when Landaeta became a little restless. He was not accustomed to camping on one spot for more than two or three days at a time and he himself had done no hunting since I had joined them. Besides, the men and women had to forage farther and farther away for food. If my physical condition had permitted, it would have been well to continue living with them, moving from place to place, as is normal.

However, I knew I had to return to civilization quickly. The effect of my announcement on my hosts was interesting, and touching. It will be recalled that I had appeared in their midst as a stranger and a potential enemy and it was through a fortuitous event that I was accepted by them, not only as a friend but as a relative who worshipped the same gods. Since then I had actually been given an affectionate place in their emotional lives and they were sorry to see me go. They understood the reasons that were making it urgent for me to leave, especially understandable was the fact that my "wife and child" who had not seen me for many months were waiting for me to return. Nevertheless, they expressed sorrow, a certain amount of listlessness began to appear and they would come to me and sit by my side, telling me that they would be a rather lonesome people after I had gone; that they liked to talk about religious matters, and that when I would no longer be there with them they would have no one to talk things over with. This attitude affected the men and women in a very curious way. We had very little food in the camp, but still they would not go out and gather fresh quantities. And when I urged them to do so they answered that the knowledge of my coming departure made them very sad, and consequently they did not have the proper spirit to gather food, or even to eat.

These people have very little in the way of excess goods. Each family has a few baskets, perhaps a water jar, a mat or two, scraps of clothing and their tools, nothing more. And these generally were in very poor condition from long use. Knowing that I wanted to take back with me some of these things, they became busy weaving hammocks, making basketry and even pottery, so that I would take back to my "wife and child" objects new and well-made. This reaction on their part was spontaneous and they all expressed the idea that I should take back with me only new, well-made articles to remember them by; so for about a week before my departure there was intense activity around camp.

The day of my departure finally arrived and I said good-bye. There was no ceremonial wailing as had attended my departure from the

1: Petrullo E-S (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

At night each family group lay on the sands
talking a little, laughing a little. I made it a custom of visiting every night, and usually the men gathered around. The women, keeping in the background, made all sorts of inquiries concerning my country and people, but always through the men.

One cannot live on intimate terms with a group of people a week without learning something of their sexual attitudes. Only too often is this factor dangled in front of him, so that if he were to base his report on recurrent experiences and situations it would be largely made up of sex and sex problems. However, the sexual element is strongly present, but it is in normal cases a simple matter.

A simple matter but of exceeding importance if we are to believe the psychologists. Basic to life, and to social organization, the attitude toward it has its effect on the life of the individual and on the culture, but equal the make-up of the indidivual and the culture produces the sexual attitude.

To begin with, this writer does not know anything about the sexual development of Yaruro boy or girl. He does not know what secret sexual play the children may indulge in, nor does he know whether the unmarried girl has any sexual relations. He thinks that the unmarried do. He also thinks that there is some kind of homosexuality among the boys, and even the men. The following is based on what he observed, heard, and saw without any undue prying about.

The sexes are kept apart from infancy. A baby girl is launched into her future career as a woman almost from birth. She is the special care of the mother and women folk. When she is able to play she plays alone, with other girls, or with the women. She never plays with the boys. When she is able to work she helps her mother, never her father nor her elder brothers. She may be helped in her work by her brother.

It is impossible to claim that the attachment is stronger between the mother and children than between the father and daughter. It would be necessary to investigate the problem from the psychological point of view. But such is the case socially and economically.

The maternal uncle does to a certain degree substitute for the father, but this substitution is formal and social.

From babyhood the child learns his relationship to those about him. One woman is its mother. She it is who gives suck, holds, etc. Later he learns that he must call other women mother also. These are the sisters of his true mother. One man he learns to call father. This man is the one who is most with his mother, in whose canoe they travel, etc. Other men he calls father also, the brothers of his true father. Thus relationships are defined sexually, familiarly, and formally. In respect to girls of his own age he learns that some he calls sisters and others by terms whose equivalent may be rendered

1: Petrullo E-8 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

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women sang to me and for me, I was not able to learn anything about their conceptions of the universe nor any other matter.

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On one occasion Landaeta, the shaman, invited Juan Bario's band to participate in a performance. The women prepared for it by painting the face with stamped designs—stamps smeared with oily stuff, stamped on the face, then the entire face, from eyebrows down, was covered with a thick coat of red ocher. It stuck where the grease was. The hair was worn in one braid down the back. They wore their best dresses.

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In anticipation of a long night, I lay down on the sands to rest, if possible. However, the skies interested the Yaruros. Landaeta and his people lay beside me to talk about the heavens. From that we passed to a discussion of Hatchawa, who, according to Landaeta, had said that I was well known to him and a good friend. In order to test the shaman I told him that I was anxious about my family whom I had left so long ago, and I asked him to find out about my wife, son, and general family from Hatchawa, which he promised to do. The conversation went back to the stars, and as the big dipper began to rise over the northern horizon Landaeta disappeared in the darkness. Soft conversation continued, and then came Juan Bario and his family to join us.

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A few words of warm friendship with Juan Bario and we went to joint Landaeta, who was sitting ready to begin. Landaeta had withdrawn to the west of the camp, and put on his shamanistic breechclout and head-cloth, which consisted of a sort of headkerchief. His son Brigido sat behind him; to the right of Landaeta sat Brigida, his wife, and next to her, her sister. Juan Bario and I sat back a little.

Unlike our own religious ceremonies, there was no attempt at artificial seriousness. The children played about noisily, without reproof, under the very nose of the shaman, some of the men jested and laughed, others conversed more quietly, etc. In other words, the imminent communion with the gods was an event of festive proportions, and no restraints were placed on the normal and natural behavior.

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Landaeta began to sing and he was accompanied by a few of the attendants. In the meanwhile small fires had appeared here and there, and at these were lighted the long green leaf-covered cigars. None smoked an entire cigar, following the general custom of sharing with the other fellow. The songs at first were accompanied with faint rattling of the macaua, but this became stronger and stronger as the shaman approached the Land of Kuma. Finally at midnight—almost on the stroke—the shaman announced in his song that he had reached the desired land. The singing became more intense, faster, and everyone seemed to take more interest.